

Into the West

Peter Hollens

Lay down,
your sweet and weary head.
Night is falling.
You have come to journey's end.
Sleep now
and dream of the ones, who came before.
They are calling
from across a distant shore.

Why do you weep?
What are these tears upon your face?
Soon you will see.
All of your fears will pass away.
Safe in my arms.
You're only sleeping.

What can you see
on the horizon?
Why do the white gulls call?
Across the sea
a pale moon rises.
The ships have come to carry you home.

And all will turn
to silver glass.
A light on the water
all Souls pass.

Hope fades
into the world of night.
Through shadows falling
out of memory and time
Don't say
we have come now to the end.
White shores are calling.
You and I will meet again.
And you'll be here in my arms
just sleeping.

What can you see
on the horizon?
Why do the white gulls call?
Across the sea
a pale moon rises.
The ships have come to carry you home.

And all will turn
to silver glass.
A light on the water
grey ships pass
into the West.